

Wichita Daily Eagle

OF DEB. RANDOLPH KEIM

THE BEST SOCIETY WRITER IN WASHINGTON IS A MAN.

He Entered the Lists as a Reporter of Social News by the Military Way. What He Offers Is Always Reliable. His Eventful Career.

(Special Correspondence.)

WASHINGTON, May 23.—One of the most interesting men in Washington is Mr. DeB. Randolph Keim. Mr. Keim is the court chronicler of the republic, the semi-official, recognized and authoritative purveyor of the news of society. There are other society reporters, plenty of them, and many who report more news and more gossip than he, but whatever Keim writes goes unquestioned as to its accuracy and undoubted as to the authority by which it is given publicity. Sometimes Mr. Keim is called the court jester, but there is nothing of the prig or the dandy in his composition. He is simply a polished, earnest gentleman, whose specialty in his chosen profession of journalism is the doings of society, and whose careful methods have endeared him to the confidence of the public. Mr. Keim's training has not been that of a career knight. He has been in more serious campaigns than those which begin New Year's day and come to an end with the advent of Lent. The reader may be surprised to learn that the most successful society writer of Washington is a man, but I am told that a woman could never attain the position which this gentleman occupies.

A woman may be successful as a more reporter of costumes and small events, but in the larger range of society's activities some but a man can win the confidence of the chief actors and be able to write authoritatively and semi-officially. A man was the first society reporter in Washington. About 1833 Washington society letters made their appearance in the New York Herald. They were the first of their kind, and created a mild sort of sensation. Soon there were many imitators, and the business of reporting the society of the national capital had made its start. These letters to the Herald were written by Nathaniel P. Willis, the poet and litterateur. Willis was at that time a foppish, slender young man, with a profusion of curly, light hair, and was always dressed in the height of fashion. Having traveled in Europe and there mingled with the aristocratic classes, he affected to look down upon the common people; but with all his snobbishness he had a wonderful facility for finding trifling occurrences with interest, and his letters have never been surpassed. It is recalled of Willis that he first introduced steel pens to Washington, having brought over a quantity of those made by Joseph Gillott at Birmingham. Before this, goose quills had been exclusively used.

Mr. Keim, though the descendant of one of the best families in Pennsylvania, had no aristocratic training for his work. He approached the social field by the military road. During the war of the rebellion he was correspondent of the New York Herald. While at the front for his paper he formed friendships with such great generals as Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and MePherson, friendships which lasted as long as these men lived. He traveled with Mr. Keim that Gen. Grant said just before they took him to Mount McGregor, "I shall be dead in six weeks." Keim's first meeting with Grant was at the front, near Corinth, Miss. On his arrival at headquarters, the correspondent approached a plain, common looking man whom he saw standing outside the general's tent, wearing a cheap blouse and lounging about with a cigar in his mouth. "I am a newspaper correspondent, have just arrived in camp, and I want to see Gen. Grant," said Mr. Keim. "This is the general's headquarters," replied the plain looking man, "and if you will come here to-morrow morning I am sure the general will be glad to see you." Next morning Keim was there, and he found that the man with whom he had talked the night before was Gen. Grant himself.

About this time Keim had his first meeting with Gen. Sherman. Old Tomcush had become interested in the reports of some of the war correspondents, and had issued orders just before starting on his Meridian

campaign that if any newspaper man was found along with the army he should be tried in a drumhead court martial as a spy and be shot before breakfast. Keim went to his friend, Gen. MePherson, to see what could be done about it. He wanted to go along on the Meridian campaign, but he didn't care to be shot before breakfast, nor after it, for that matter. MePherson said he couldn't do anything, but suggested that Keim see Sherman himself. The general had heard of Keim and knew the character of his work, and he received the correspondent kindly. "How about this order of yours," asked Keim; "does it leave me out? Can't I go?" "I won't have a d—d newspaper man on the expedition," said Sherman, "not one, but that doesn't apply to you. You are not a newspaper man—you are a volunteer aid on Gen. MePherson's staff." "So I am," said Keim. "I had nearly forgotten that," said Keim, and went on the Meridian raid and on the Red river expedition, and was in the thick of

much of the fighting and campaigning of the time.

"An incident occurred down there which showed me that there were some dangers in the work of a war correspondent," said Mr. Keim, in talking of his career a few days ago. "I came near being shot a few days ago. One of Mr. Bennett's rules was that each of his war correspondents should once a week send him a private letter giving such information as the correspondent had been able to get concerning the progress of

the war and yet could not print. In one of my letters to Mr. Bennett I stated that we had the key to the enemy's signal code, and were thus able to know what was going on in the operations of the army. Secretary Stanton, who did not like the press very well, had made a rule that the name of every war correspondent should be printed at the top of his dispatches, and this made me watchful of the vigilance of a hawk by Stanton and his men.

"Imagine my consternation when I was called to headquarters and shown a dispatch from Washington stating that the New York Herald information about the key to the enemy's signal code, and that I should be arrested and punished therefor. I was arrested, but no one seemed to want me. Sherman said he didn't know what to do with me, and Mr. MePherson didn't want to be bothered with me, and so they let it drop. I believe if it had been some new man that had met with this ill luck they would have taken him out and shot him. An investigation showed that Mr. Keim, the telegraph editor in charge of the Herald's dispatches, had by mistake opened the letter addressed to Mr. Bennett, and thinking the contents worth printing, had published a part of the letter along with my dispatches."

Mr. Keim was at the front for the Herald throughout the war, and in 1863 Mr. Bennett sent him to Europe, partly for a vacation, at the expense of the office, and partly to visit and write up the progress of work on the Suez canal. Mr. Keim went down to Egypt, hired some camels, and traveled from the Mediterranean to the Red sea in the ditch where it was dug or along the route. Most men would have abandoned this enterprise at its very threshold, for the first day Mr. Keim was in Alexandria 60 people died of cholera, and his route across the desert was like a path through a hospital and a charnel yard. Mr. De Lesseps gave Mr. Keim a sketch made by himself of the biblical points along the route of the canal—a sketch which Mr. Keim carried home with him, and which has since been a great collection of similar souvenirs of the great men whom he has known.

After traveling in Africa as far south as Zanzibar, in India, Australia and the far east, Mr. Keim returned to Ceylon to await letters from New York. An incident occurred here which greatly changed his career. By the accidental delay of a letter

There is a second apron to be worn behind the rider is dismounted, and which is suspended by buttons under the front apron for carriage when not in use. When worn this second apron hooks on to the lower portion of the front of the habit so as to loop it up for walking in a not ungraceful style.

There are the usual straps for the heel of the stirrup foot and for the toe of the other, which suffice to keep the habit, or rather apron, in its place when the rider is riding, and there is certainly this advantage about it, that the dangerous girths and pockets are all done away with, and there would seem nothing that could very well catch on the pommel in case of an accident. Meanwhile, with one of the most bodice now in fashion, there is nothing to show the uninitiated that this truly "combined" garment trenches very closely on the attire of the other sex. It, of course, belongs to that class of safety habit, which contemplates the rider taking her skirt, if we may stretch a point, to call it so—with her, and not leaving it to the horse, in case of an accident.

Mrs. Power O'Donoghue, a horse woman familiar with the steeple chase courses of Ireland, pronounced this distinctly against the proposed innovation of ladies riding astride and declares that a woman who knows how to ride, and who adopts a well made saddle, a skirt, properly cut skirt, without hoop or footstraps, and a plain, light, racing stirrup, without any trifling to catch the in-step or impel the foot, is quite as safe, and even safer, in her seat position, and with the pommels to give her "purchase," than a man with his leg pressure and even seat.

Need Wear for Men.

Neck wear, we are assured on as high authority as Clothier and Furnisher, has become an item of expense second only to none in the world's wardrobe. The lower cut of the waistcoat and coats at the neck will bring the handsome Aco and De Joinvilles into still greater favor. When the dark, solid color textures in clothing are the rule for spring and summer, the sale of the delicate light shades in neck wear is greatly increased, and vice versa.

The faith in Windsor, as shown by the multiplicity of the designs exhibited, presages an outing season that will afford the summer young man a widely horizoned scope for the exercise of his vagaries. In Windsor, therefore, the impetus under which the great body of this style will be sold—that is, to be worn with light outing suits—the quieter patterns should enjoy a greater run than what appears to be the more reasonable designs. The American makers of neck wear have generally adopted only the shades and patterns of the imported styles of last season. The slate shades of blue, elephant, heliotrope gray and sky smoke, all with well accentuated black figures, are the choice of what may be called.

A Stylish Shoulder Cape.

The shoulder cape cut in the cut is a popular style of evening dress of one of the regular styles of cut-door toilets at this season. These jaunty little capes are much affected by youthful wearers and are very graceful and becoming to slender figures.

Polished Off by the Police.

I see that a noted thief went swathed a valuable shirt stud to escape detection. Sort of diamond in the rough, eh? American Grocer.

Waxing and Waning.

"Is this the chancellor's seal?" "Yes." "Bismarck is no longer on the wax." "No, on the wane."—New York Sun.

Very Singular.

"Turbulent fawn in serpentine." "What's that?" "It is the snake that is rattled that gets in the best work."—New York Sun.

Yes, Indeed.

First Goose—You are shedding your feathers. Second Goose—Yes, it is a great downfall, isn't it?—Exchange.

He Needed the Money.

"William Waldorf Astor has just sold \$1,000,000 worth of real estate." "He wanted to buy a little live, I suppose."—New York Sun.

The Reason.

"I wonder—I can't see, Mose, why you call this little place a 'Tomborial' Emporium." "Why, you have only one dead man here." "Harriet—Yeah, sah; but doesn't that show that I do or have a good 'tomborial' business? All my patrons are shaved by the boss."—Puck.

WHAT SHALL WE WEAR?

NEW AND NOTABLE STYLES IN THE WORLD OF FASHION.

A Riding Habit Designed to Insure Safety for Its Wearer in Case of Accident—A Stylish Shoulder Cape for Slender Figures.

One result of the current discussion as to whether ladies ought not for the sake of safety to adopt the cross seat in riding, especially in the hunting field, has been to stimulate the invention of habits which shall not prove death traps in case a fair wearer is unseated. A safety habit recently introduced is described by its English makers as really nothing more or less than a pair of trousers, differing very little, if at all, from those worn by men. The lady who sits on her saddle as is absolutely free from the embarrassment of a skirt as if she had merely borrowed her husband or her brother's garments.

But there is this small, but very necessary addition to them, an apron of cloth is attached as far as the knee of the right leg, and is buttoned down on the left hip as far as the saddle; from thence it falls quite free and, in fact, as an apron would which was worn in the ordinary way.

Another Sad Failure.

The other forenoon a man was leaning over the railing of the bridge at one of the lower portions of the front of the habit so as to loop it up for walking in a not ungraceful style.

There are the usual straps for the heel of the stirrup foot and for the toe of the other, which suffice to keep the habit, or rather apron, in its place when the rider is riding, and there is certainly this advantage about it, that the dangerous girths and pockets are all done away with, and there would seem nothing that could very well catch on the pommel in case of an accident. Meanwhile, with one of the most bodice now in fashion, there is nothing to show the uninitiated that this truly "combined" garment trenches very closely on the attire of the other sex. It, of course, belongs to that class of safety habit, which contemplates the rider taking her skirt, if we may stretch a point, to call it so—with her, and not leaving it to the horse, in case of an accident.

Mrs. Power O'Donoghue, a horse woman familiar with the steeple chase courses of Ireland, pronounced this distinctly against the proposed innovation of ladies riding astride and declares that a woman who knows how to ride, and who adopts a well made saddle, a skirt, properly cut skirt, without hoop or footstraps, and a plain, light, racing stirrup, without any trifling to catch the in-step or impel the foot, is quite as safe, and even safer, in her seat position, and with the pommels to give her "purchase," than a man with his leg pressure and even seat.

Need Wear for Men.

Neck wear, we are assured on as high authority as Clothier and Furnisher, has become an item of expense second only to none in the world's wardrobe. The lower cut of the waistcoat and coats at the neck will bring the handsome Aco and De Joinvilles into still greater favor. When the dark, solid color textures in clothing are the rule for spring and summer, the sale of the delicate light shades in neck wear is greatly increased, and vice versa.

The faith in Windsor, as shown by the multiplicity of the designs exhibited, presages an outing season that will afford the summer young man a widely horizoned scope for the exercise of his vagaries. In Windsor, therefore, the impetus under which the great body of this style will be sold—that is, to be worn with light outing suits—the quieter patterns should enjoy a greater run than what appears to be the more reasonable designs. The American makers of neck wear have generally adopted only the shades and patterns of the imported styles of last season. The slate shades of blue, elephant, heliotrope gray and sky smoke, all with well accentuated black figures, are the choice of what may be called.

A Stylish Shoulder Cape.

The shoulder cape cut in the cut is a popular style of evening dress of one of the regular styles of cut-door toilets at this season. These jaunty little capes are much affected by youthful wearers and are very graceful and becoming to slender figures.

Polished Off by the Police.

I see that a noted thief went swathed a valuable shirt stud to escape detection. Sort of diamond in the rough, eh? American Grocer.

Waxing and Waning.

"Is this the chancellor's seal?" "Yes." "Bismarck is no longer on the wax." "No, on the wane."—New York Sun.

Very Singular.

"Turbulent fawn in serpentine." "What's that?" "It is the snake that is rattled that gets in the best work."—New York Sun.

JESY GO!

You kin chirp about yer cities an' yer miles o' brown skin fruit, An' yer swarthy, saile an' cephalus, an' yer other pleasure hunt; Yer 'lectric light an' hoss cars an' steam b'lers whizzin' 'round; But them's the things we never sulte yer homely Uncle Bill!

Yer brown skin fruit looks pert enuf an' solid like an' clean, But ain't nothin' to a farm house nee'n' white whizzin' 'round; An' yer brown skin society's a pack o' lies, 'specially when yer patent mackin' er'lers or Doc Wiggin's weather boy!

An' knowin' at her time he cum to help all things reg'lar, The ole cow in the clover f'el' lifts up her good ole voice, An' 'bout the peaceful lamb begins to skip an' prance, While the bullfrop gurgles out his throat 'way back ther in the swamp.

The time I allus feel the mosey'm's come to pass Is after 'soppin' over an' 'm' settin' on the grass A-livin' to the cherrup o' the birds among the trees A-twittin' sweeter music 'an Miss Patty to the breeze.

Wot comes soppin' through the branches fer to kiss the dym' run An' goes fluttin' with the swallows 'fore the kiss is half begun, While the sun keeps peggin' right along a-layin' on his pin, 'Mid this whirle o' the chiddee and the night-hawk's screele complain.

An' no I set her, happy, 'th the children at my knee, A-sittin' 'lone o' fool questions about the breeze, An' when the wind has died away an' ev'rythin' is still I stretch my legs along the grass an' say out with a will, "Sun folks bankers fer the city, but this suits yer Uncle Bill!"

—E. C. Tapley to Judge.

Another Sad Failure.

The other forenoon a man was leaning over the railing of the bridge at one of the lower portions of the front of the habit so as to loop it up for walking in a not ungraceful style.

There are the usual straps for the heel of the stirrup foot and for the toe of the other, which suffice to keep the habit, or rather apron, in its place when the rider is riding, and there is certainly this advantage about it, that the dangerous girths and pockets are all done away with, and there would seem nothing that could very well catch on the pommel in case of an accident. Meanwhile, with one of the most bodice now in fashion, there is nothing to show the uninitiated that this truly "combined" garment trenches very closely on the attire of the other sex. It, of course, belongs to that class of safety habit, which contemplates the rider taking her skirt, if we may stretch a point, to call it so—with her, and not leaving it to the horse, in case of an accident.

Mrs. Power O'Donoghue, a horse woman familiar with the steeple chase courses of Ireland, pronounced this distinctly against the proposed innovation of ladies riding astride and declares that a woman who knows how to ride, and who adopts a well made saddle, a skirt, properly cut skirt, without hoop or footstraps, and a plain, light, racing stirrup, without any trifling to catch the in-step or impel the foot, is quite as safe, and even safer, in her seat position, and with the pommels to give her "purchase," than a man with his leg pressure and even seat.

Need Wear for Men.

Neck wear, we are assured on as high authority as Clothier and Furnisher, has become an item of expense second only to none in the world's wardrobe. The lower cut of the waistcoat and coats at the neck will bring the handsome Aco and De Joinvilles into still greater favor. When the dark, solid color textures in clothing are the rule for spring and summer, the sale of the delicate light shades in neck wear is greatly increased, and vice versa.

"THE ROSE OF FLAME."

Sketch of Anne Reeve Aldrich, a Rising Literary Star.

(Special Correspondence.)

BOSTON, May 23.—Some time ago there flashed upon the reading world a volume of poems entitled "The Rose of Flame," by Anne Reeve Aldrich. Intense, tingling with life and imagination, full of intuitive vision and imaginative grace that fascinated and baffled readers by the very white heat of the feeling embodied. Now there comes a novel by the same author, "The Feet of Love," and the world is asking who is Anne Reeve Aldrich?

Miss Aldrich is a native of New York, where she was born in 1858. In her early girlhood her father removed to Long Island, but four years ago the family returned to New York, where they are now living. The young girl received most of her instruction under masters at home, although the most valuable part of her education, perhaps, was that which she absorbed, rather than consciously acquired, from browsing at the shelves of a large and varied library. As a child she was especially fond of the old dramatists and of medieval literature.

"I used to put little stories and plays as soon as I could form the letters," she said recently to a friend, "but when I was about 12 I left off this primitive literature and became absorbed in instituting a kind of fairy worship among my little playmates. An entire new religion, with an invisible fairy god, to whom we made offerings of fruit and poured out our own obligations, and who was supposed to live in the trunk of a certain tree, before which we always prostrated ourselves in passing."

When about 15 her poetic gift began to assert itself unmistakably. She sent a crude little poem to Scribner's Monthly (now The Century magazine) and Mr. Gilder, who was then assistant editor, returned it as a matter of course, but sent with it so kind a letter that the young girl tried on the matter. Mr. Gilder has always continued to be Miss Aldrich's friend, and his occasional criticism has been most valuable to her. Since that first audacity of early youth, Miss Aldrich has had poems accepted by The Century.

Miss Aldrich loves the city as Thoreau did the country. She wants people, always. It is life, not nature, that appeals to her. It is the intensest life with which she is in sympathy. Her poems included in the volume, "The Rose of Flame," do not, of course, appeal to those who only care for verse that celebrates nature. She is, indeed, the daughter of the intensest period of modern life, who "would be, see, taste, feel, feel."

A slight, graceful figure, a countenance exquisitely chiseled, with dark hair rippling away from a broad, low brow, and eyes luminous in their starry depths. She is fond of writing in the silent, lonely hours of the night, when the world is asleep. There is about her a fascinating kind of Hellenic grace; and in the refinement, the choice diction, and the mingled intensity and passionate power of her romance there lies promise and prophecy of brilliant and lasting achievement.

Senator Evans and Sitting Bull.

ALBANY, N. Y., May 12.—Senator Evans is the possessor of a rather striking picture of the late Indian chief, Sitting Bull, given him during the visit of the Sioux delegates to Washington. The senator prizes it highly, for he had something akin to admiration for the copper colored savage who slew Gen. Custer's troop, never took government lands, never treated among the whites to learn how to civilize his people, and gave the United States army more trouble than all the Indians of the plains put together.

Never shall I forget the circumstances under which I first saw this really brave and famous warrior. He was in the city of Dakota at Bismarck, and there was a unique and remarkable exhibition of men and manners.

I do not believe any city or state in the Union has held at one time so historic, interesting and remarkable a body of celebrities as sat upon the rude little platform which covered the foundation stones of Dakota's territorial capital. There were Gen. Grant and Sitting Bull, the latter brought up from the Sioux reservation, near by, Hon. W. M. Evans, the Earl of Onslow, Baron Salvator, Carl Schurz and Henry Villard, the towering German Oriental, the English ambassador, the German minister, a dozen French and British nobles and as many American governors. The new capital is, or was then, a mile or two out on the prairie; they expected Bismarck to grow to it, and the exercises took place during the early morning. Around this platform was ranged a group of the strongest mixtures of the human family I have ever seen. There were cowboys and tenderloins, Indians in the glory of war paint, Chinamen redolent of opium, rough shaven pioneers, ladies and gentlemen from the polite society of two continents, Bismarck's maidens out in the bravery of white robes and crimson ribbons, citizens of Mandan across the Missouri, with the suggestion of a sneer in their adding to Bismarck's glory; the Sax faced hard-boiled farmers from miles away; and the sleek best eyed frontiersmen who are a prominent part of all frontier towns. So strange and mixed a congregation of men and women probably never gathered together in one place and doubtless never will again. Into the corner alone, however, nearly all the celebrities placed their cards. Sitting Bull was prevailed on to scrawl his autograph, and as he laid it in the box Mr. Evans bundled up in a coat four sizes too big for him, dropped his name, fringed the record also. The two cards fluttered down simultaneously. The great Indian's face displayed no sign of intelligence as the ex-secretary gracefully lifting his hat to the Sioux chief, neatly said:

"Sitting Bull, posterity will know that we called together."

On His Dignity.

Dick Strapp—I can't see, Mose, why you call this little place a 'Tomborial' Emporium." "Why, you have only one dead man here." "Harriet—Yeah, sah; but doesn't that show that I do or have a good 'tomborial' business? All my patrons are shaved by the boss."—Puck.

THE WICHITA EAGLE

M. M. Murdock & Bro., Proprietors.

PRINTERS, BINDERS AND BLANK BOOK MFRS.

All kinds of county, township and school district records and blanks. Legal blanks of every description. Complete stock of Justice's dockets and blanks. Job printing of all kinds. We bind law and medical journals and magazine periodicals of all kinds at prices as low as Chicago and New York and guarantee work just as good. Orders sent by mail will be carefully attended to. Address all business to

R. P. MURDOCK, Business Manager.

J. O. DAVIDSON, President. THOS. G. FITCH, Secretary and Treasurer. W. T. BAROCK, Vice President.

DAVIDSON INVESTMENT COMPANY.

PAID-UP CAPITAL \$300,000.

DIRECTORS—John Quincy Adams, John C. Derst, Chas. C. Wood, C. A. Walker, Thos. G. Fitch, John E. Sanford, W. T. Buckner, W. E. Stanley, and J. O. Davidson.

\$5,000,000 LOANED IN SOUTHERN KANSAS.

Money always on hand for improved Farm and City Loans.

Office with Citizens Bank, cor. Main and Douglas, Wichita, Kan.

SCALE BOOKS! SPECIAL.

Our Scale Books are Printed on Good Paper.

THREE FORMS.

STANDARD, HOWE AND FAIRBANKS!

When ordering state WHAT form is wanted.

L. C. JACKSON

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in all kinds of

Anthracite and Bituminous Coal

AND ALL KINDS OF BUILDING MATERIAL.

Main Office—112 South Fourth Avenue. Branch Office—133 North Main Street. Yards connected with all railroads in the city.

DOCTOR PURDY, Surgeon, Oculist and Aurist.

154 N. MAIN ST., WICHITA, KAN.

The doctor gives special attention to the treatment of all diseases of the EYE, including the scientific examination of glasses to correct imperfect vision.

CATARACT removed and sight restored to many who have been totally blind.

CROSS EYES straightened in one

SOME EYES cured without the use of caustics or other harmful agents.

ARTIFICIAL EYES carefully selected and fitted.

DEAFNESS—All curable cases of deafness promptly cured.

GLASSES—Only those who have had a thorough training should attempt to fit glasses, lest they do the patient more harm than good. Many cases of nervousness, vertigo and general stupor in children are due to defective vision and are removed at once by the application of proper glasses.

Doctor Purdy has achieved a successful little less than phenomenal as a general surgeon, treating with great success deformities, club foot, curvature of the spine, hip joint disease, white swelling, diseases of the bone, tumors, abscesses, fistulas, hemorrhoids, facial blemishes, skin and blood diseases, etc. Syphilis absolutely cured. Doctor Purdy was late professor of surgery in the Wichita Medical College and Surgeon to St. Francis Hospital, having relinquished the above positions in order to devote his entire time to his specialty.

N. B. Superficial hair, facial blemishes, moles, etc., removed by electrolysis and permanently collected.

Consultations free.

K. F. PURDY, M. D.

DOCTOR TERRILL,

154 N. MAIN ST., WICHITA, KAN.

Cures diseases of women heretofore abandoned by the profession. Such as fibroid tumors, displacements, enlargements, prolapses, etc., by the use of electricity, according to the methods elaborated by the great French Surgeon Arnet.

NEURALGIC DISEASES—Dr. Terrill wishes to call the attention of those suffering from nervous diseases, paralytic, nervous prostration, etc., to the successful results to be derived from the use of "electricity" when scientifically applied, and desires to state that he makes the application of electricity in nervous diseases a specialty of his practice. The doctor has the finest fifty diamond carbon cell battery ever seen in the west and all the appliances especially adapted to the treatment of lost manhood or seminal weakness, which he quickly and permanently cures by the aid of electricity.

CATARRH—Every case of catarrh is curable if properly treated, regardless of what others have said. Many cases cured by a single treatment.

PHLEBS, fistula and internal diseases cured; no knife, no pain; a cure guaranteed.

Fretful Strictures quickly and permanently cured; no cutting or pain; no money paid until cured.

CHRONIC DISEASES—Bronchitis, asthma, hay fever, all throat and lung troubles, skin eruptions, rheumatism, dropsy, Bright's disease, diabetes, kidney and urinary diseases, blood poison and private diseases.

SYPHILIS—The dread disease of mankind, quickly and permanently cured, by the new treatment, without the poisonous drugs of days gone by. Medicine sent to all parts of the country. Send for circulars.

J. H. TERRILL, M. D.

READ THE WEEKLY

WICHITA EAGLE!

Contains More State and General News and Eastern Dispatch than any paper in the Southwest.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

ONE YEAR, \$1.00. SIX MONTHS, \$0.50.

KANSAS CITY TO ST. LOUIS.

Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars. Free Reclining Chair Cars.

H. C. TOWNSEND.

TO WEAK MEN

Suffering from the effects of youthful excess, early decay, wasting weakness, loss of vitality, etc., will find a valuable remedy in Dr. F. C. Fowler's 'Weak Men'.

A splendid medicine work, should be read by every man who is nervous and debilitated.

Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Haddon, Conn.